The Chatterbox

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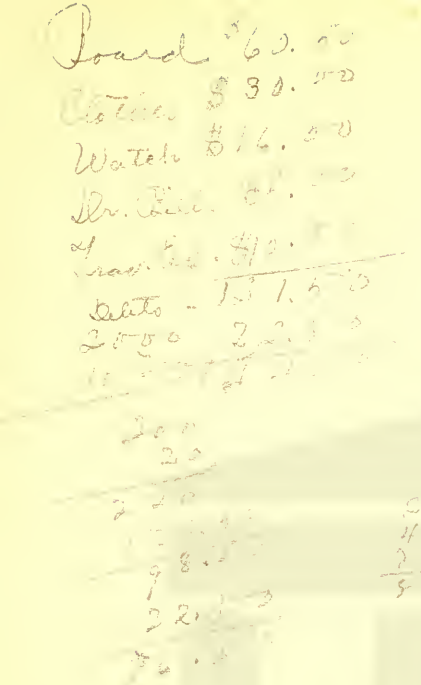
LITTLETON COLLEGE LITTLETON, N. C.

"I Chatter Chatter as I Go"



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MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON.

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The Chatterbox.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1909. No. 5

Literary Department.

To-morrow, like the misty haze of dawn,
Hangs dim around us, so we can not see.
Its lifting curtain gives us but a glimpse
Of the uncertain, unknown land beyond.
Oh, give us back To-day we know so well!
Its paths all tried, its joys and sorrows proved,
We love it so, the dear old, sweet old way,
We long to keep it and we dread the new.
Can there be aught beyond to satisfy?
'Tis so uncertain, vague, and hard to see;
While this which we have learned through years to love
Is ours, our own, dear-bought, and sure, and clear.
Yet, though To-day we leave, we lose it not—
To-morrow it adds blessing to our lot.

Marjorie's Valentine.

L. S. F., '07.

It was a dreary, winter night, cold and dark, with the prospect of a coming storm. Marjorie thought she never had felt so desolate and alone in her life, as she did while she climbed the stairs to her room in the great boarding house.

There were signs and sounds of gayety all around her. In one room Professor Hill and his wife were enjoying their early tea, from another came lively strains from Mr. Sanburn's violin, and across the hall Miss Jones, the great milliner, was bustling around preparing for entertaining several of her friends. Farther down the corridor Mr. Jack Burwell, the young artist, had left his door open, showing a bright and cozy interior, a blazing fire was throwing its radiance over the pictured walls, and an easy chair standing by a table, strewn with books, magazines and such like. All of this only made Marjorie feel more lonely as she went into her bare little room, the only bright things in it being her own beautiful face, and an old piano, on which lay a pile of music. For she was a music teacher in one of the High Schools in the city of C—.

The other teachers in the school had been kind to her, and she had become acquainted with a number of the boarders. One of the boarders had been unusually nice to her, Mr. Burwell, who thought his little neighbor the shyest, prettiest girl he had ever seen. He had fallen into the habit of leaving his door open to enjoy her playing, having been attracted one night by hearing her playing and singing,

"Love me and the world is mine."

He hardly remembered having seen her face at the time—but then, some people fall in love with the voice as much so

as others do with the eyes—so he at once decided that she was the one girl for him.

But how was he to win her? She always smiled sweetly when she met him, yet in such a way as not to encourage a better acquaintance.

To-night she did not play or sing. Things had gone wrong in school. Sad memories kept crowding in her mind. It was her birthday—how different from her last one! That was spent with her mother in their little home on the banks of Chowan River.

She was on the verge of tears as she dropped wearily in a chair, when something near the door caught her eye.

"What can it be," she exclaimed as she picked it up. "It is surely a note; let me see who it is from. Maybe it is from Miss Jones asking me to her little social." And as she broke the seal she sat and stared, for it read:

CUPID'S COTTAGE, February 14.

DEAR LOVE:—I send you just one little line. I love you, be my Valentine. Please answer. J. B.

Marjorie gave a little cry of surprise and astonishment. She had forgotten it was the 14th of February—St. Valentine's day. "J. B.; of course it is from Mr. Jack Burwell, and he wants an answer. What shall I say?" She had often wondered why he did not have a little home of his own instead of living in a boarding house, when his pictures sold so well, but she had never pictured herself as sharing it with him. She admired him very much, but she never thought of marrying him, so she sat down and wrote:

MR. BURWELL—

My Dear Mr. Burwell: I thank you for your offer and hope you will not dislike me for refusing you. My heart is in my work and my life will be devoted to studying and teaching music.

Sincerely, MARJORIE STEWART.

Having finished it she stepped lightly across the hall and slipped it under his door. In the meantime he was pretend-

ing to read, but he had not noticed that his book was bottom side up, for he was wondering why she did not play and sing as usual and would she accept or refuse him if he should propose, when he saw the note.

"By jove! what is this that has so silently crept under my door?" he exclaimed.

"What in the world does it mean I wonder? Here I find a refusal from the very girl I have been planning to ask to share my joys, etc. It beats all! Guess she thought she would tell me in time. Still she thanks me for my offer. I surely never have had the chance of offering myself to her, although I have wanted to do so. The mystery must be solved! I'll see if I can't find out what it means.

For several days after it happened they scarcely saw each other. Marjorie was kept in school more and he was unusually busy trying to finish a picture before the 22d. And as he worked he remembered with intense self-scorn the conceit which had led him into believing before he received that note that she was not entirely indifferent. In the rude awakening he was angered by her apparent unconcern.

"Why had she written the note when he had not proposed?"

On the other hand, she wondered why he took her refusal so seriously. The fact was, she really liked him very much and was chagrined that he was apparently so willing to end their friendship. She wanted them to be friends, to know each other better and then—well, maybe he would propose again.

It was on one of those frosty, early mornings, when the air was full of that freshness which fills the heart with the joy of mere living. It was just such a morning as would have appealed most strongly to Jack under ordinary circumstances. Now he saw none of its beauties nor anything else until he suddenly bumped against some one on the stairs as he was returning from an early morning walk.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stewart, I did not see you." "It was my fault," she exclaimed. "I was so busy with my thoughts I did not see you." Both of them blushed and began laughing and rubbing their heads. She would have passed on but he detained her, determined to have it out about that note now that fate had thrown them together.

"If you are not in too big a hurry, Miss Stewart, I wish you would come to my room and see the picture I have just finished. I want you to see it before any one else does and criticise it," he said.

She turned back with him and when they had looked at the picture he said, "Will you please let me see that note you received from me for just a second?"

"Surely!" and off she ran to get it.

When he read it he began laughing and exclaimed: "The mystery is solved!" Then he told her how he did not write it and how he had planned to propose to her the very same night he received her refusal.

"But who did write it if you did not?" she asked, blushing. "It is from J. B."

"Don't you know John Barlow, the concert singer, who rooms at the end of this hall, and Miss Marie Stanley, whose room joins yours? I heard him say he sent her a valentine but never received an answer. He made a mistake in the doors, that's all.

Her eyes drooped and her face was scarlet as she said, "What you must have thought of me!"

"I think you are the dearest, sweetest girl on earth. I love you and want you to be mine. Will you not give me a different answer now?" he said as he caught her hands.

And as her brown eyes were raised shyly and met the love-light in his blue ones he read his answer there before they drooped.

"Now don't be silly Jack," she murmured, "some one might see."

"There is no one but the walls," he laughed triumphantly, and "they won't tell."

But how about Barlow and Miss Stanley you ask? Why Jack told him of his mistake and he asked her, face to face, to share his joys. She accepted and there was a double wedding at the boarding house instead of a single one.

Excalibur.

M. A. H.

The hot August air had penetrated to every corner of the house, and even at nightfall no breeze arose to cool the sultry atmosphere. Brave Boy was glad, oh, how glad! for now Young-hearted Mother would let them all sleep out on the veranda where, even on such a night as this, little tickling breezelets ripple refreshingly over one's toes stretched out from beneath the light coverings, and sometimes stir the leaves of the climbing honeysuckle and the needles of the long-leaf pine and make Brave Boy scent impending danger from lurking robbers!

It is such a responsibility to be the only man in the family, while Pater Familias is making a business trip North, and have upon one's mind the protection of a Young-hearted Mother and a Little Sister with sun-kissed ringlets! Brave Boy sighed deeply, and with a solemn shaking of his head trudged forthwith out to his workshop in search of his "gun."

Never was Excalibur waved with greater pride than was Brave Boy's weapon. In the eyes of the laity it might have seemed a bit unwieldy, but to its fond owner it was a "beaut." *You,* with a blindness born of ignorance would have seen in it naught but a firm and bulky hammer!

"That'll do the biz!" cried Brave Boy, swinging it high above his pate and "lamming a biff in the jaw" of the imaginary marauder. "I'd like to see any old guy of a robber or pirate monkeyin' with 'em *now.* I'd slash him in the throat," waving valiantly the sword (the hammer) "pierce his heart with an arrow," raising his bow (the hammer), "shoot his head off'n him, de-decap'tate him," and he leveled his gun (the hammer) and took aim.

Thus amply armed, Brave Boy hied him around the house

to the veranda to assist in arranging the Japanese screens and dragging out the bedding and swinging the hammock for Young-hearted Mother, who was really too old a lady—'most twenty-eight—to curl up on the floor!

"Hey, there! Sun-kissed," he yelled, lunging savagely at the little 'brick-topped" maiden who, arrayed in her nightie, was stepping out through the window, and frightening her almost out of her seven wits. *"That's* what I'd do if any old burglar tried to kidnap you. *Ain't* you glad you got me to protect you?"

But Sun-kissed had rapidly retreated, to return only in the wake of Young-hearted Mother who wouldn't scare one to death by "protecting" one!

Young-hearted Mother always went to roost with the chickens on such occasions, and long before society folks were opening their evening festivities the trio were comfortably settled for the night, and all was quiet save an occasional giggle from Sun-kissed and a rebuking *ssh!* from Brave Boy, and now and again an ominous and warning rattling of Excalibur on the veranda floor as the hordes of mad-dogs and pirates and cutthroats of Brave Boy's imagination prowled too near the Japanese-screened castle.

But at last the whisperings of Sandman drowned the stealthy steps of the Enemy, and Young-hearted Mother had no longer to say, "'Tis but the wind in the vines—that's Mr. Neighbor's puppy whining—'twas only my hammock creaking on the hook," for the Protector was asleep; and soon, also, the protected.

* * * * * * *

Between the dark and the dawn comes an eerie hour, mystic, magic, when the mercury falls and a chill penetrates to the very marrow, and one wakes with vitality low and mind uncertain, perplexed over—one knows not what. Unknown, unseen things are moving, moving, moving. One *feels* their

uncanny presence, ugh! and draws the blanket over the ears. *Something* has happened, or fallen, or made a noise. *Oh,* what *is* it!

Suddenly, from the very depths of the earth and rising even to the zenith of heaven shrieks a sound, multiple, manifold, unearthly, ghostly! And in the same second it has risen as this shrill inspiration to its ultimate height and again dropped horribly in expiration to the fathomless pit whence it came, only to rise again, back and forth, in countlessly rapid succession like a rip-saw possessed of a demon—Brave Boy and family found themselves, as if impelled by an electric shock, hurled through the window and clinging to each other in abject terror.

"Oh, what *is* it, mother?" chattered Brave Boy in an agony of fright.

"Nothing, dear, noth—

"Why, Mother! Why, *Mother!*" wide-eyed at having caught her for the first time in a blatant untruth. "What a—a—*you* know! And oh!" with a manly sob that together with his fear well-nigh rent him limb from limb, "I f-forgot to p-protect you, and I p-promised d-daddy, and he'll be m-mad and—*oh!* there it is again! Oh!

"The wails of the departed!" groaned Young-hearted Mother. And amidst the final screech of the hideous unknown the clinking of something metallic across the stone walk, the crashing of shrubbery and rapidly receding steps, she tucked Sun-kissed under one arm, grasped Brave Boy by the hand and fled up the stairs, where, fortified by the locked door of her room, she dropped her offspring on the bed and floor, with a hysterical sob-laugh, born between two emotions, the ludicrous and the horrible. Ye gods!

* * * * * * *

What was it, do you ask?

The Rising Sun, that great dispeller of the Terrors of the

Darkness, who shames us for our childish fears of the night past, discovered on the morrow no traces of this visitation from the nether world save a hoof-trampled rose-bed, a broken hedge and old, black Uncle Peter hunting the streets for "dat yah blame fool Mollie, mah *mule!*"

And lying on the veranda floor, to be picked up by the returning Pater Familias, lay, ignominiously dropped and deserted, the omnipotent Excalibur.

"Toiling—Rejoicing—Sorrowing."

AMELIA MEARES, '07.

TOILING.

It was midsummer, but the hot rays of the sun fell unheeded by Eli and Sue. It may have been because they were so enthusiastic over their work, or perhaps to them its scorching heat was tempered. Both had a hoe with which they were vigorously trying to chop some weeds that grew at the sides of a long lane. They were novices at the work, and, though energy and willingness were not lacking, skill was. In many instances only the top and leaves were cut off, leaving a sturdy stalk ready to grow again. Now and then the children would glance ahead at those awaiting and, in their hurry to reach them with the executing hoe, would leave an obstinate one but half cut down. They never looked forward without also looking back, and at each look there would come a triumphant expression on each small countenance as of one who was accomplishing some glorious deed and was sure of the guerdon. Never before in all their little lives had they worked so hard and so long.

Beside the fence a few feet in front lay a large dog which, as the children reached him in their chopping, would raise up, and wagging his tail, as though to show his approval of their work, would walk on and seat himself in front again, always being sure to make the intervals between his temporary stops of equal distance.

To them this was the dog of all dogs. They loved him as much as their childish hearts were capable of loving. Their world of love was made up of mother and each other and "Jack." For him it was that they toiled so zealously, for mother had promised if all the weeds in the lane were cut

that Jack should have a collar with his name, *Jack,* on it. And how lovely he would look when it came and they put it on him.

Presently Sue looked up and said encouragingly:

"See, as soon as we have cut these right here we have only one row till we"—and here her face clouded as she looked—"until we reach those hateful old Jimson weeds. I hate to smell them. Don't you?"

"Yes," assented Eli. "They make me sick."

"And me too; but we can hold our nose when we chop them. And then we'll be done—almost."

"Won't Jack be proud of his collar?" added Eli, and both children surveyed him with a look of pride.

"Yes, and Cousin Edgar is going to Wilmington to-morrow and ma says he can get it. Oh, I am so glad!"

"I believe Jack *knows* we are doing this for him."

"I do too. For see, Eli, how he looks up at us. I think *he* laughs whether other dogs do or not. Don't you?"

And so they talked on innocently and ignorantly just as children do. As they came to the odious Jimson weeds Jack moved on, this time walking farther than usual. Eli noticed this and said:

"Jack don't like them either. Look, Sue, how far he's gone this time.

"Don't blame him either," laughed Sue.

They could do literally nothing at chopping with only one hand to the hoe, the other serving to hold the nose, but the odor of the fresh cut weeds was very nauseating. All of a sudden a brilliant idea came to Sue's fertile brain.

"Let's *one* hold *both* noses and the other cut."

Eli accepted this, as he was wont to do with all her suggestions. It worked well and they took it turn about, one chopping and the other holding a nose with each hand.

There was just a small patch of these weeds and they seemed to hold themselves aloof from all other species. Per-

haps they did not wish to associate with the others, or it may have been *vice versa*. The latter was the idea of the children.

Soon they reached the road where the lane ended. And it was well, for ere this the shadows were beginning to lengthen. Mother called then and they, mocking a distant whippoorwill, walked home, well satisfied with the day's toil.

REJOICING.

It was nearly 5 o'clock when the eagerly listening ears heard the afternoon train blow for the little station, and then four little eyes watched, as Eli and Sue took a position on the gate-posts, from which they had a better view of the road. The dog was amusing himself by biting their bare feet, as the children alternately poked them at him and jerked them back. Surely this was a time of rejoicing, for they were waiting for the longed-for collar which Cousin Edgar was to bring.

"Eli, I *deputize* you to make a speech when we present the collar to Jack." Sue had heard the word *deputize* somewhere. "And I'll put it on, and oh, we can pretend like it's a coronation like ma told us about, can't we?"

"Yes. But as to the speech," said Eli, who had great doubts as to his oratory, but no hesitation at bringing a new word into the language, "I'll not accept the deputization." But Sue insisted that it would be a shame for a *girl* to make a speech on such a public occasion, so he consented to make one.

They had the coronation and, as soon as it was over, they romped with the newly made "King Jack," as happy as mortals ever are. At last the stars began to come out and they had to go in to supper. When they caught sight of the first star both stopped and without looking away said:

"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night."

Both had wished that Jack might keep his collar "nice and new" as long as he lived.

SORROWING.

"And still came evening on, and twilight gray
Had in its sober livery all things clad."

Not only were there shadows on the outer world of things, but there were shadows, real shadows on the hearts of two children who were silently digging under a dogwood tree. Now and then they stopped to glance into a wooden box which was placed at one side, or to wipe away the tears which gathered in their eyes. The children were Eli and Sue and they were digging a grave. In the box was the mangled body of a dog wearing a "nice and new" collar on which was the word *Jack*.

That morning they had gone to play where the carpenters were building a barn, and a piece of lumber had fallen on Jack. He had howled much from pain, but he had, also, wagged his tail in answer to the children's calls and caresses, and with a last look of undying love had died. It was all so unexpected. They were so happy as they played that morning, but so miserable that afternoon.

"I'm glad we had got him the collar," said Eli as bravely as he could.

"So am I; but he didn't wear it long. 'Twas only yesterday we got it and had our coronation, and the day before that we chopped the weeds out of the lane. It seems a long time since then to me. Doesn't it to you?"

"Yes. Poor Jack was playing with us then. How can we ever play now? Oh, just think, Sue—

"Don't," said Sue pitifully. "I wish he wasn't dead," and again both looked in the box and could speak no more for a while.

To them life, which until now had appeared so smiling, seemed dreary and long. Their grief was made harder be-

cause no one understood—not even mother, for had she not promised as a means of consolation, when she saw the little tear-stained faces and mournful countenances, another dog. *Another* dog—what was another dog to them? Another Jack would not have sufficed—nothing but the same Jack. They would feel like traitors to love another, even if they could have, and neither deemed that possible.

When they had finished burying him they placed wild flowers on his grave. They would have wanted that kind on their own.

"I wonder if he knows we are putting the flowers here?" said Eli.

"I don't know," replied Sue sadly. "I wish I did."

Just then they heard mother's usual evening call; it sounded different this evening, but hand in hand they started home, feeling lonely—so lonely. It was their first great sorrow and they thought it would last. How could they know that it would soon be over, and that in after years they would remember it with a smile. They could not know that, and so they went on their way sorrowing.

Splendid Palm Beach.

EBEN GOULD MATTHEWS.

An Eden created out of a wilderness that rich Americans may have a winter paradise—that is Palm Beach. At the easternmost point of the Florida peninsula, warmed by the sweep of the great Gulf Stream, it is the northernmost point on the Atlantic Coast where one may find the genuine tropics. It is the winter resort for the millionaires of our great cities and the wealthy people from the north.

There Henry M. Flagler, the genius of the Florida East Coast, has his magnificent palace.

Palm Beach is located on the narrow strip of land which separates Lake Worth from the ocean. Lake Worth is really a salt-water lagoon, a narrow sound, twenty-two miles long and about a mile wide. The peninsula, which divides it from the ocean, is also about a mile wide. Years and years ago a few adventurous persons with some money, and with a great desire to escape from cold winters, came here and established homes for themselves. Mr. Flagler came with the railroad which he owns and built the great tourist hotel, which he owns and established, and the town, which he also owns in essence, if not in fee simple. The few people who were here when he came he has made rich. Those who have come since owe their prosperity to him. Somewhere men may say that Flagler is a "malefactor of great wealth"; some men may look upon Flagler's millions as "tainted money," but not on the Florida East Coast. Here Henry M. Flagler is the fairy godmother, the perennial Santa Claus and the indulgent father.

On the narrow strip of land between Lake Worth and the ocean and facing the lake Mr. Flagler built the Royal Poinciana Hotel. It has been enlarged more than once until now it is the largest tourist hotel in the world. A little more

than a mile to the east, facing the ocean, Mr. Flagler built another immense hotel, The Breakers. On the lake a little south of the Royal Poinciana he built his own palace, Whitehall. Up and down the beach for several miles are scattered the villas of other millionaires, who came here to live in the winter, and to enjoy the gayety afforded by the society of the merely transient wealthy ones who stay at the Royal Poinciana and The Breakers.

The season begins about the time of the Christmas holidays, and continues through the month of March. For nine months of the year all this splendor is deserted, but the three months shine with added glory because the reign is so brief. Hundreds of care-takers are present all the year round, of course. It requires $250,000 to open the hotels of the Flagler Florida Coast Hotel system. That includes the expense of cleaning up the grounds, rearranging the furniture and bringing the servants from the North.

At the two Palm Beach hotels there is a servant for every guest.

Of things to do the "idle rich" find a great variety at this resort, such as yachting, motor-boating and sailing. There is a stretch of nearly a hundred miles of unsurpassed automobile road up and down the coast, and new roads are being pushed into the interior, penetrating to Lake Okechobee and the Everglades.

There is the Jungle Trail, down which men and maids may stroll or be carried in wheel-chairs. It is through miles of tropical jungle beauty with all the tropical jungle ugliness cut out by that same magic of money. And not very far away is a palace where the fickle goddess of fortune holds court and permits those who have gold to woo, and sometimes to win.

In the afternoon one may have tea on the lawn, with a good band to furnish music as an accompaniment for the conversation. In this up-to-date paradise there are shops, *rich ones,*

jewelers and modistes and milliners are ever ready during the season to cater to the whims of the woman who wants to buy something new. There are rows of shops on either side of the corridor of the Royal Poinciana, and there is a little row of wooden storehouses outside. The little storerooms are of exactly the same kind as are pushed into the background of a country village when the bricklayer first comes to town. But for all that they rent for $2,500 for the season of three months.

The landscape gardener has conspired with the Southern sun and the warm Gulf Stream to make Palm Beach a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Across the little strip of land that is the theater for this great scene painting stretch two avenues connecting Palm Beach on-the-lake with Palm Beach on-the-sea. One of these is for pedestrians, and lies between two rows of palmetto trees; the other is for wheel-chairs, and the mule-power street cars, and is lined with rows of beautiful feathery Australian pines.

By the side of the lake, running south from Whitehall, is a long curved walk protected by a sea-wall and ornamented with cocoanut trees. These trees came here as the result of an accident. Years and years ago a Spanish ship laden with cocoanuts, was lost on this coast. The nuts floated ashore, and, finding a congenial soil and climate, settled themselves and grew. The gardener has brought tropical trees and fruits and flowers from every part of the globe to enrich this money-made Eden. There is the traveler palm, which is the sole hope and succor of the thirsty Arab in the deserts of the East. One may pierce its stem and it will yield good sweet water. There is the feathery pine of Australia, and the twisted pine of Japan, the date palm from Syria, and the Sapodilla tree from the West Indies. Flowers bloom in wild profusion and one asks the names only to be bewildered by strange replies.

But most beautiful of all, if one will stay until the early spring, is the royal poinciana, which gives its name to the great hotel that has made Palm Beach famous all over the world. For most of the year its dark green leaves, which look like gigantic ferns, spread out in umbrella fashion to shade its bare branches, for the leaves grow only at the tips of the twigs. When winter comes these leaves slowly drop away and leave an ugly tree. But not for long. The spring comes, and as in the North it tempts forth the saucy cactus and the modest violet, here it turns the poinciana tree to fire. Yes, to fire, for the tree bursts into a very flame with its red bloom. It is the red of the sea-coal fire, the red of the pine-knot embers. "Flame tree," the simple folks call it; "royal poinciana," say the educated; and no ordinary mortal knows what the botanists call it. But it is burning beauty, and here one may feast his eyes until he must turn away, turn to the cool spray of the white surf of old ocean's breakers beating on Palm Beach.

The Scarlet Bow.

LIDA MAY SAWYER, '07.

It was a lovely afternoon in September, the day before Madge was to return to the seminary for her second year, and, although she had a feeling of regret for having to return in such a short time, her face beamed with pleasure and gladness as she and Billie Day walked slowly from the tennis court to a seat on the grassy lawn. It was a beautiful picture they presented as they came up laughing and bouncing the balls about on the rackets. It is impossible to describe them and will suffice to say that Madge was beautiful, indeed, and Billie lacked nothing that goes to make up a good-looking boy. If any one had been near enough, as Madge threw down her hat and rested her chin in her hands, her expression changing from gayety to deep thinking, they might have heard these words:

"Billie, tell me how you get along so well with your work at college and never get blue, while I, just a few blocks from you, almost give up in despair sometimes?"

"Don't know," replied Billie, "but I realize that I don't entertain the blues as frequently as you. 'All work makes Jack a dull boy,' you know, so when I have work to do I go about it with a vim in order to have more time for play. And there is always one thought foremost in my mind—to have courage to attempt to do what others before me have done. This may seem a trite and commonplace maxim to you, yet it is the source of my inspiration and zeal."

"Why, Billie," exclaimed Madge, "I never knew you could be still long enough to have thoughts like that. I see my mistake now; I don't have enough zeal to carry out an attempt. If you do not mind I'll wear your colors this term and note

the results. But, say Billie, what color means *courage* anyway?"

"Red," was his immediate reply. Would you like to use red note-books with pencils of the same hue, or would you prefer draping yourself in a becoming shade of red ribbon?"

"Neither," she said slowly and earnestly, but I'm going to tie this piece of red ribbon on my tennis racket and keep it hanging up where I can see it every day."

From this the subject changed to other plans for the new school year, and soon they separated for the evening, the one going whistling down the street and the other tripping up stairs to pack away a few remaining articles.

* * *

Madge liked tennis and was a champion player. She had been at the seminary about two months when one evening she went for her racket to practice for the Thanksgiving game which would be in a few days. She found her racket, but the bow was gone. It had disappeared since the day before, and nobody knew the going of it. Perhaps the little bow had left in shame, for Madge had not been quite true to it on all occasions. She never even racked her brain over the matter of losing such a trifle, so it soon passed from her mind, and she forgot all about her new motto and crimson colors.

One night two weeks after this time Madge was entertaining a group of friends with a forbidden chocolate repast. About thirty minutes after the light bell the door opened suddenly and a muffled figure quietly entered without invitation. It walked straight to the table in the center of the room and laid a piece of red ribbon out full length on some books, then, throwing a letter down on the table, left the room as mysteriously as it had entered. It is needless to say that the girls were frightened. Spoons went one direction and china another, while the floor was covered with a coat of

chocolate, alcohol and sugar. But enough of their senses remained for one to pick up the mysterious letter upon which was written "To the Lady of the Scarlet Bow." Madge at once grabbed the letter and, opening it, this is what she read:

DEAR LADY:—Pardon my entrance into your apartments, and be assured that the specter of to-night is no ghost, but a victim of upper classmen who have seen your racket on the court from time to time, and used me as a means of obtaining the scarlet bow which adorned it (for what purpose, I am unable to say). I knew you were at the lecture two weeks ago, so availed myself of the opportunity then, and, with thanks to the watchman, I return the bow to-night, as I was bade, imploring your most gracious forgiveness. All of which forces me to express greatest humiliation experienced only by A. DUCK."

"Of all forms of hazing!" exclaimed Madge.

"A Freshman from the University of course," another offered in explanation.

"To think of such hazing," repeated Madge. "Why, girls," she explained to a group of white-faced creatures venturing to draw nearer, "this bit of ribbon, which doubtless you wish me to weave a romance about, is nothing more than the long-lost symbol of my recently adopted maxim—'courage.'"

Then, to the soothed assembly she explained that her friend *Mr. Day,* from the near-by university, had suggested the idea to her.

"Oh, but why all this fuss?" came the impatient chorus.

"Why, I guess Billy must have belittled himself by forcing some freshman to perform this feat of daring just to tease me for, see, this letter is surely his own writing!"

Of course they *didn't* see, not having Madge's power of intuition, but all cautiously retired from the impromptu *banquet scene* to sleep the sleep of the just.

All? No, not quite, for in the darkness of No. 32 a slim figure robed in white crossed the room to fasten a crimson bow of ribbon to a girl's most reliable anchor—the pincushion.

"Oh, Billy," confided Madge's tremulous voice to this

sympathizing stronghold, "I meant to try, really—but there," she finished impatiently, "why must he, the great tease remind me of my duty?

Nevertheless the bow received a comforting caress accompanied by a promise of better things ere Madge's eyes were at last closed in the sleep of the just.

The Chatterbox.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF LITTLETON COLLEGE.

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For sale at Room 150, Music Hall.

Entered as second-class matter, November 20, 1908, at the post-office at Littleton, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

CHATTERBOX STAFF.

BESSIE BOONE, '09. . . Editor-in-Chief. MOLLIE STEPHENSON, '09, Business Manage

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MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09, Among Us

ELIZABETH HARRISS, '09 . Exchanges

ANNIE GRIGGS, '10. Y. W. C. A.

MATTIE MOORE, '10. . Joke Editor.

Editorial.

What would we do without it—this universal season of romance in this month when no one is *demoralized* by her close proximity to Cupid? Only on St. Valentine's day may our deepest, tenderest sentiments come to the surface without being the cause of censure by some dear, prudish soul. The most sentimental may revel in the dear delights of romance on the fourteenth to their heart's content. But not for ourselves do we rejoice, for schoolgirls are not generally hampered by fetters too rigid to hold them from indulging in some form of romance. To the prim and proper faculty, however, every good wish for the day!

Lest we overstep those boundaries of propriety so zealously guarded by our vigilant keepers, this issue of the journal has

been entrusted to former students and graduates of this college, who ere this have assumed the role of command in some far away precinct, and with the wisdom of their experience have learned when to lay aside foolish and fanciful follies.

February, in our school world, is at once the brightest and best epoch of our lives. It is the turning point after which the "home run" is pursued. Examinations and other fall term trials are obliterated with only a few insignificant grades to remind us of past glories (?), and with the goal in full view we quicken our pace with renewed energy and zeal.

This being the birthday month of America's greatest hero is another powerful incentive to nobler attempts and higher aspirations. Naturally we are not expected to lead out armies, but at least we can emulate this great general's other traits of nobility. Unlike Alexander's complaints of no worlds to conquer, Washington's posterity has nothing to say of the legacy of untouched cherry trees bequeathed to the ambitious by the thoughtful "father of the country."

Just why this particular genus of the tree family should have been chosen as a stepping stone to fame no one has yet been able to decide, and the curiosity of some may prompt them to inquire why the oaks on the college campus were not of this type, so that the road to success might be reached by the short *cut* of cherry trees. But, girls, remember this, "there is always a reason for everything," so we must be content to take up our burdens once more and reach the glittering pedestal of the top round in the ladder of fame by the *long way* which, after all, some say, is "the shortest way home."

Y. W. C. A.

ANNIE G. GRIGGS, '10.

Miss Mary Lowder led services in the Y. W. C. A. Sunday evening, January the tenth. Miss Lowder, being chairman of the membership committee, made a most interesting talk on the good derived from being a member of the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Virginia Dare Pittman brought before us January the seventeenth some of the necessities of the sufferers of Italy. This service was made more effective by a drawing of Italy on the board. She pointed out the places which are most in need and made an appeal to the members to help the starving Italians, who were begging for our assistance. After the service was over, all who wished to lend a helping hand were allowed that privilege, and a large sum was sent to them on the following morning.

One of our ablest girls, Miss Blanche Holt, led a beautiful service the fourth Sunday evening in January. This being the last service held by the old cabinet, Miss Holt gave us many encouraging words, and told us the many ways in which we could help those with whom we came in contact.

Miss Thorne read a letter from Miss Nutt, a former teacher, now a missionary in Mexico. The letter was enjoyed by all.

The cabinet has done good work for us the past year, and we are very grateful to them. They seem willing to give the good work into the hands of other Christian workers.

Exchange Department.

ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

My Soul.

To my bed 'mongst the rushes, near the shores of the seas,
  Where the storm never hushes, where the wild waves rage;
Where I thought not of glory, nor the end Fate decrees;
  Where I dreamed not the story man has made in his age;
Came my soul, calling loudly from the storm on the seas.

"Thou'rt a Man!" came she calling, to my bed in the slime—
  "Thine to climb, sometimes falling; thine to love; thine to hate,"
So the herd left I feeding; to my state rose sublime.
  "Now for fame! Others bleeding? Curse the world, so I am great!"
But my soul left her calling and was still for a time.

But the years brought me sorrow; pierced, the reed; bruised, the stone;
  Yet I hoped, on each morrow, for the voice from the storm.
Thus I toiled, loving duty, tho' twere hard, tho' alone;
  Till at last, perfect beauty in her face, in her form,
"Thou'rt a Man," said she smiling, "Seek new worlds, this outgrown."

No one can fail to appreciate the strength and beauty of the above, copied form the *Wofford College Journal*. The January issue is especially good in every way, and this poem, "My Soul," is the central feature of the whole. The stories are not tiresome, but just a little sensational, but we suppose that this fact can be accounted for when we remember that the Christmas holidays are just gone. "A Broken Promise" is pathetic and shows the inevitable punishment that follows sin. "The Last of the House of Douglas" borders on the supernatural, although it is intensely interesting. "Thomas Paine, His Life and Work" is instructive and entertaining. "The Savagery of Civilization" is well worth the reading. Here is discussed the question of whether the savage in our blood is entirely subjected, and it decides in the negative. We agree with the author.

The Trinity Archive sends out a splendid publication in this issue. "The Making Good of Peter" is very well told, the plot is of the type that's ever new and ever interesting. "The Famous Saturday Club" is very good, and no time is wasted while reading it. "Only A Tramp" is very pathetic and causes one to realize that after all a tramp is human and made in the image of his God. The best thing—if best there can be—is "Country Life." Here the author presents to us country life with all the advantages. We are glad to see some one realize the true worth of the country life, and he does this by saying:

> "God made somethin' 'bout the country
> That jest beats the grandest town."

The Winthrop College Journal reaches the usual standard this time. "Under the Yuletide Spell" is rather far-fetched—1960 is some distance off—but that does not prevent it's being interesting. "The New South and the New North" is a question we'd rather let alone. We fear that we are not broad-minded enough to overlook everything, and therefore should avoid the subject. "Is It I?" is a story of a girl who learned almost too late that "Procrastination is the thief of time." It would be well for each of us to ask "Is It I?" "A Grandmother's Debut" is very good, the plot is a good one and developed well. "Felicie" is a strange story of a convent girl, it is very interesting, it shows the power of music. "Dixie in Marie" is just splendid. "Her Heritage" is a simple story that no one tires of.

"Thanks Cupid" in the *Clemson College Chronicle* is a—well, it's a—story, love all the way through, too; and, of course, interesting. "It Pays to Advertise" is a story of the same kind. In this twentieth century it seems strange that such things could happen as are told in "All's Well that Ends Well." We heartily agree "That the Small Schoolroom does not prepare a child better for life than the Large

Schoolroom does." "The Burglar" is good of its kind; you know a woman who catches a burglar in her room always ends the affair by marrying him. "The Great Conqueror" is very good. Here again are we taught the lesson of "Thanatopsis." Death is not a monster to be feared, but a welcome deliverer; death is not cruel, but kind!

The rest of the exchanges are very good with the exception of verse. The number of prose articles overbalances the verse, and this is decidedly unpleasant. We agree with whoever said "Poets are born, not made." It would be rather interesting though if a few would come along, 'twould make a welcome diversion.

We have thrown the gauntlet down and but two have responded; whether you count yourselves as unworthy or too worthy we are unable to say. The invitation is still extended, and we await the results.

Among Us.

MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09.

—Miss Pulliam was glad to have her sister, Mrs. R. T. Pool, of Troy, N. C., visit her last week.

—Mrs. Carraway has had her little granddaughter, Miss Minnie Fields, from Washington, N. C., with her since the holidays.

—Miss Lucile Edwards returned last week from a short stay at her home, Seaboard, N. C.

—Miss Mollie J. Mitchell was called home last Sunday because of the serious illness of her mother. We hope to have her back soon.

—Miss Mollie Stephenson, accompanied by Miss Virginia Dare Pittman, spent the 24th and 25th at her home, Garysburg, N. C.

—Miss Elizabeth Harris visited relatives at Vaughan, N. C., recently.

—Miss Bettie Buffalo went home last week, but will soon continue her work at St. Mary's, Raleigh.

—The student body at large, and especially the class of 1909, were grieved to learn that one of their number, Miss Pearl Jones, was compelled to give up her work here because of ill health. We hope to learn of her improvement soon.

—The following spent the 31st at Macon, N. C.: Misses Hope Thompson, Emma McCullen, Julia Railey, Emma Taylor and Sallie Jordan.

—Misses Pearl and Mamie Fishel went home to spend Sunday and Monday last.

—Misses Lessie Sturdivant and Lanie Hardy went to Wise, N. C., the 31st to visit Miss Ola Stephenson.

—Miss Mary Parker spent a day at her home at Weldon, N. C., recently.

—Miss Euna Weaver was glad to see her father, Mr. E. L. Weaver, of Warren, N. C., a few days ago.

—Miss Emma Steele, of Monroe, N. C., en route to New York, stopped over here to see her sister, Miss Flossie Haseltine, recently.

—Miss Boyd Thorne spent Sunday at her home in the country.

—Miss Lula V. McClenny has gone home on account of ill health. We hope to learn that she is stronger soon.

—The editorial staff of this journal regrets very much that Miss Flossie Steele, on account of serious trouble with her eyes, has been obliged to resign her position as editor of the "Current Events" topic. The staff is fortunate, however, in securing Miss Emma Wilcox, a highly capable successor, who takes up the same work under "Current Comments."

Current Comments

EMMA WILCOX, '09.

If as much progress is made with the aeroplane during nineteen hundred and nine as was made in nineteen hundred eight, the old fuss about railroad rates will be supplanted by a new method of discussing the cost of a two-hundred-mile air flight!

* * *

If Taft successfully carries out the vast field of Roosevelt's good but unfinished intentions, his administration will be a success, without any expansion of the latter's mental and moral activities.

* * *

President Roosevelt has made his last national address, viz, an appeal publicly endorsing the cause of missions. We think it would have been best if he had long ago turned some of his many-sided activities into this particular channel, since sufficient appeals are already made!

* * *

The behavior of Yuan-Shih-Kai is not much admired by the broad-minded and steady-headed American statesmen! It is hoped that China will not follow its leader backward. Yuan's good beginning ought to be carried forward, because a few steps in the backward direction will carry China to the end of the road.

* * *

Why should England be so upset about the Americanization of Canada? England should realize the fact that one of her many possessions is keeping good company!

* * *

The Prince Regent of China assures United States and Great Britain's ministers that the dismissal of Yuan-Shih-Kai does not indicate a change in the government's policy.

The trial of the night riders goes down on record as an important one toward quelling and settling the barbaric spirit in the South, and is important in the history of Southern civilization, says the North!

* * *

We feel there is nothing more to be said concerning the earthquake. The Sicilians know not the cause, though they are experiencing the consequences. A summary of the responses made to Italy's needs shows that human sympathy and generosity are not lacking. The United States stands first in donations and we feel that she responds through sacrifice, feeling and universal sympathy.

* * *

The celebration of Lincoln's birthday this month is of national importance, and seems to be the chief topic in the magazines and periodicals. His homely but noble features are always portrayed, and with them a summary of his noble qualities and attributes. President Roosevelt is interested, of course, in this generally accepted celebration, and has recently declared Lincoln a devoted American and patriot!

* * *

The *Chicago Tribune* declares Ben Tillman to be the latest earthquake victim. It is hoped that future earthquakes will take such objects for their victims since the Senator has emerged in such good condition!

* * *

Congress is shocked to learn that she must issue more bonds to keep the Panama difficulty in good condition!

* * *

Whether the enmity in foreign countries will result in peace or war we are not to decide.

* * *

The cartoonists are making good use of the free press and are making intelligible some of the rather "shady" topics of the month.

Have You Heard the Latest?

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Jokes.

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

O thou winged God of Love,
I kneel before thy shrine,
Send thy dart from up above
And pierce my valentine.

* * *

A Freshman was heard to say after a very hard examination:

"At this rate will I ever get to be a Senior?"

Cheer up honey
And don't you fret,
The way is long
But you'll get there yet.

—*A Junior.*

* * *

A young lady was walking about the Social Hall examining the things of interest; she chanced upon some large conch-shells, and with eyes and mouth wide open she exclaimed:

"O my! aren't they beauties. I do wonder if they are hand-made."

* * *

A crowd of girls was telling the various terms by which their respective fathers styled them. Edith lisped affectedly: "Papa says I am his eyes."

Mary, her roommate, remarked contemptuously:

"That's the reason I suppose that his eyes give him so much trouble."

The saddest word of tongue or pen
Is this sad phrase, "it's hash again."

* * *

Teacher: Name the six largest divisions of land.

Pupil: North America, South America, Asia, Texas, California and Maine.

* * *

Elizabeth Reade, tying on her veil, was heard to remark: "I will take this off before I get to church for I don't want the Y. W. C. A. (C. A.) boys to see it.

* * *

Teacher: Where does the Greek History begin?

Wise Soph: Greek History begins with the departure of Abraham out of Ur of the Chaldees.

* * *

Upon seeing a forest fire Mattie Ruffin exclaimed: "Oh! I am so glad that something has happened that is exciting, for such few things happen in Littleton that are really exciting."

* * *

Miss Dare Pittman says every one thinks that she and her father are brothers.

* * *

One of our finest Juniors says that she is not going to return to L. F. C. next year if they double (raise) the standard.

* * *

Something novel as well as new concerning the tides. "Tides are highest at full and new moon," so says the highland Freshman, "for then the sun and moon are in *hominy.*"

* * *

A FACULTY MEETING.

'Tis time for the reports my girlies,
Exams. at last are done;
But just you wait my girlies
That's only half the fun.

Here's a grand assembly—
  The teachers one and all
With each her thinking cap
  Troop to the Science Hall.

With stern and business air
  Up there in number four—
A secret band are they
  Behind a well-closed door.

Deportment grades the vogue,
  The student body dare
Would give quite half its worth
  To know what goes on there.

But just you wait my girlies,
  Reports will come at last,
And then you'll know my girlies
  Who did and did not pass.

* * *

HIS PROFESSION.

"Yes, grandma, when I graduate I intend following a literary career—write for money, you know."

"Why Willie, my dear, you haven't done anything else since you've been at college."—*Ex.*

* * *

"This," remarked Mr. Crane, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me, eh?"

"I think so," said Miss Softe. "You are the one with the hat one are you not?"—*Ex.*

* * *

Up-to-date Literature—

Books on sale at the Littleton Book Store.

The Gentle Art of Chumming—(From personal experiences), S. Betts.

Full page illustrations by Mrs. Carraway.

Groans from Chaperones—Class of 1909.

The Art of Writing Poetry—Alberta Aiken.

The Hazardous Pursuits of Microbe—Mrs. Carraway.

Crowing Hens—Lelia Cox.

A Few of My Opinions (in three volumes)—J. M. Rhodes, author of *Short Talks on Sunday School Lessons, Some Hints on Keeping the Dormitories Quiet,* etc.

Secrets of a Coquette's Heart—J. W. Anderson.

Frenzied Finance—V. L. Herring, author of *A Deep Sea Story.*

Gems of Modern Wit and Wisdom (sequel to *The Perennial Freshness of Staleness*)—Mattie Moore.

Why the Girls Love Me So—S. Linthicum.

Sensibilities in the Realms of Musical Harmonies—Ella Sargent.

How a Man May Become Bride and Groom—E. Cullens.

How the "Milky Way" Intersects My Watch (with touching dedication to Senior Class)—Annie E. Bradshaw.

* * *

If I wuz a joke-machine
I'd make such awful stacks
That everybody'd laugh and laugh,
An fall upon their backs.

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Virginia Pittman ..... Secretary
Maud Satterthwaite ..... Treasurer
Bessie Boone ..... Historian
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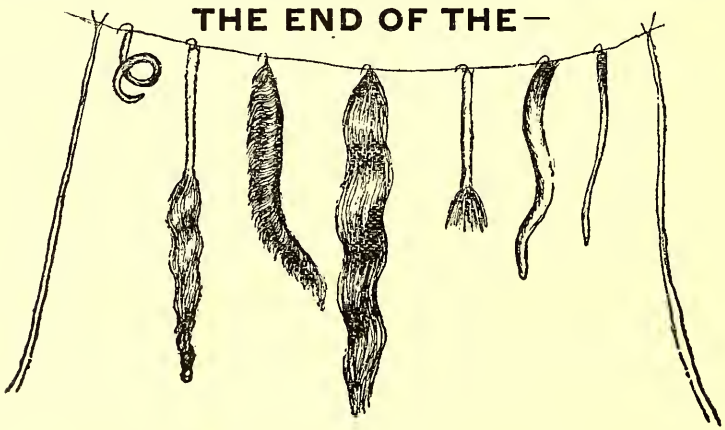

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